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LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'er THE DARKENED EARTH."

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Select Poetry.

FASHIONS EXTRAORDINARY.

The daughter sits in the parlor, And rocks in her easy chair; She's clad in her silks and satins, And jewels are in her hair; She winks, and giggles, and simper, And sippers, and giggles, and winks, And though she talks but little, 'Tis vastly more than she thinks Her father goes glad in his ruse, And raged and swayed at that; His coats are all out at the elbow— He wears a most shocking hat, He's hoarding and saving his shillings, So carefully, day by day, While she, on her horse, and her poolies, Is throwing trail away. Her lies about in the morning Till nearly the hour of noon; Then comes down snapping and snarling, Because she was called so soon. Her hair is still in the papers, Her cheeks still dabbled with paint— Remains of her last night's blouses, Before she intended to faint. She doats upon men unslaven, And men with the "flowing hair;" She's eloquent over mistresses, They give such a foreign air; She talks of Italian music, And falls in love with the moon, And though but a mouse should meet her, She sinks away in a swoon. Her feet are so very little, Her hands are so very white, Her jewels are so very heavy, And her head is so very light, Her color is made of cosmetics, Though this she never will own; Her body is made mostly of cotton, Her heart is made wholly of stout! She falls in love with a fellow, Who struts with a foreign air; He marries her for her money— He marries him for his hair; One of the very best matches— Both are well matched in life! She gets a fool for a husband, And he gets a fool for a wife!

Columbia Democrat

EDITED BY LEVI L. TATE, PROPRIETOR BLOOMSBURG, PA. Saturday, July 25, 1863.

"THERE are not spires enough in this city to avert the wrath of Heaven, if some thing is not speedily done to lighten the awful misery which this mob has brought upon our colored population."

The attacks which were made upon the poor negroes during the recent riots were altogether unjustifiable. But they are the legitimate consequence of the Abolition policy; and the best way to "lighten the awful misery" which has been brought upon the colored race, and the white population also, is to get rid of the Abolition party as soon as possible.

Those "STOLEN ARMS."—Perhaps no story has been more widely circulated or more generally believed, than that large numbers of arms were stolen and sent South in anticipation of the war. Mr. Buchanan, in his last letter to Gen. Scott, settles this question beyond denial. He states, and shows from a report of Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, made to the House of Representatives, February 18th, 1861, that the Southern States received in 1860 less instead of more than their quota of arms to which they were entitled by law, and that three of them, North Carolina, Mississippi and Kentucky, received no arms whatever, simply because they did not ask for them!

A FACT EASILY OBSERVED.—Whenever you find a newspaper continually denouncing Democrats as traitors and copperheads, you can set the editor down as a coward and a fool. It is a sure sign.—All honorable, high-minded men never resort to such low slang and abuse. He thinks more of his character as a patriot and a Christian than to be caught engaged in such dirty work. He knows that Democrats and Republicans fill one common grave on the battle field, and that if ever this rebellion is put down it must be done by the united strength of both parties, and instead of attempting to inaugurate civil war between Democrats and Republicans in the North, he urges them to unite their strength and crush out this rebellion. Fools, however, talk differently. Such men are a withering curse to the community in which they reside, and are, as it were, barriers in the way of uniting public sentiment.

Thaddeus Stevens' Policy.

In a speech delivered before the Republican County Convention, in the city of Lancaster, on the 2d of September last, Mr. Stevens said: "Abolition! yes, abolish everything on the face of the earth but this Union; free every slave—SLAVE EVERY TRAITOR—BURN EVERY REBEL MANSION, if these things be necessary to preserve this temple of freedom to the world and to our posterity. Unless we do this we cannot conquer them."

Curses, like chickens, come home to roost—so says the old proverb, and Mr. Stevens has had it verified in his own experience since the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania. While the rebel troops were occupying York, a detachment of the rebel force crossed over into Adams county and destroyed the Caledonia Iron works, owned by Mr. Stevens, involving a loss of from \$50,000 to \$100,000! This vandal policy may do well enough to talk about when invading the enemy's country, two or three hundred miles off, but it is quite a different thing when we, in turn, become the invaded party, and have our property—the hard earned accumulation of many years—become a prey to the enemy. Mr. Stevens' prophecies and ferocious precepts, by their pitiable results, serve to point a moral which the American people would do well to heed. It proves that he and the party of which he is a conspicuous leader are lacking in foresight, capacity, discretion, and those higher moral qualities which make a people progressive, powerful and honored.

Loyal Leagues.

Where were the Union League organizations when Pennsylvania was invaded by the Rebels? WHERE? and who may answer WHERE? for only from echo will answer be received so fit as the Leagues are concerned. It is true that a few of the members volunteered, and that some Leagues undertook to raise volunteers, in which they were remarkably unsuccessful. Professing more patriotism than any body else—specifically sworn to an extra degree of patriotism—denying that admirable quality to every body else and stigmatizing all who do not belong to them as "Copperheads"—organized thoroughly as they are and some of them drilled; it was natural under these circumstances to suppose that if the Rebels would dare to invade, all the Leagues in the State would rush to repel them. But no Leagues turned out—no majority of any League that we have heard of turned out—only a small per centage of Leagues faced the thundering cannon of the rebels! Democrats were there in abundance—one in chief command—even "Copperheads" rushed to the rescue without organization, but no organized Loyal League went in a loly! Who would not sneer at such patriotic organizations! Loyal Leagues—Union Leagues—organized, enrolled, but nary turn out when the Rebels came! No they are organized to vilify Democrats, not to fight Rebels! To defend and protect Abolitionism, not the Union! To act as a home guard for the women and children while those who are not of their organization nobly fight the Nation's battles!—Such defenders of the Union!

But the Leagues can yet vindicate themselves. Let them offer their services as organizations to the State, giving full lists all their members, and be put under legal oath to be ready at any time within three years to obey the orders of the Governor to march to any given point, at any moment, to repel invasion. We are not authorized to speak, yet we do not in the least doubt but that Judge Woodward, will, under his administration, give them all a chance to test their metal in case of invasion! That would vindicate their honor for their remissness under CURTIS. If they are better patriots than the Democrats—the "Copperheads"—let them give some proof of it—substantial proof—but no more of their big words "of learned length and thundering sound."

The Philadelphia North American, in speaking of the riot in New York, said, "we owe nothing to Democratic leaders and newspapers." While the history of the past few days proves that the leaders of the Democratic party struggled with all their power to suppress the riotous demonstrations in New York, the record of the past few years clearly establishes the fact that the incendiary and inflammatory teachings of the Abolition leaders and newspapers originated the present fearful disregard of law and order which prevails throughout the country.

It is said that with a Yankee, every day is a day of "reckoning."

National Affairs.

SPEECH OF EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE.

The following speech was delivered by ex-President Franklin Pierce, on the occasion of his presiding at the great Democratic mass meeting at Concord, N. H., on the Fourth:

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: While I have come to preside at this meeting, at your bidding, permit me to say that no command less imperative than your wish on such an occasion would have brought me here; and I trust that in view of the great aggregation of personal relations which thirty years of manhood life have formed between us, you will recognize in this fact a warm reciprocation, on my part, of the respect and affection which, in all that time, I have never failed to find on yours. We meet on the anniversary of a day hallowed by solemn memories, and sanctified as that of the birth of the American Union. The Declaration of Independence laid the foundation of our political greatness in the two fundamental ideas of the absolute independence of the American people, and of the sovereignty of their respective States.—Under that standard our wise and heroic forefathers fought the battle of the Revolution; under that they conquered—in this spirit they established the Union, having the conservative thought ever present to their minds, of the original sovereignty of the people, and of the independence of the several States, all divers institutions, interests, opinions and habits, to be maintained intact and secure, by the reciprocal stipulations and mutual compromises of the constitution. They were master builders, who reared up the grand structures of the Union, that august temple beneath whose dome three generations have enjoyed such blessings of civil liberty as were never before vouchsafed by Providence to man—that temple before whose altars you and I have not only bowed with devout and grateful hearts, but were, with patriotic vows and sacrifices, we have so frequently consecrated ourselves to the protection and maintenance of those lofty columns of the Constitution by which it is upheld. No visionary enthusiasts were they dreaming vainly of the impossible uniformity of some wild Utopia of their own imaginations. No desperate reformers were they, madly bent upon schemes which if consummated, could only result in general confusion, anarchy, and chaos. Oh, no! high-hearted, but sagacious and patriotic statesmen, they were, who saw society as a living fact not as a troubled vision; who knew that national power consists in the reconciliation of diversities of institutions and interests, not their conflict and obliteration; and who saw that variety and adaption of parts are necessary elements of all there is sublime or beautiful in the works of art or of nature. Majestic were the solid foundations, the massive masonry, the columned loftiness of that magnificent structure of the Union. Glorious was the career of prosperity and peace and power upon which, from its very birth day, the American Union entered, as with the assured march of the conscientious offspring of those giants of the Revolution. Such was the Union, as conceived and administered by Washington and Adams by Jefferson and Madison and Jackson. Such I say, was the Union, ere the evil times befell us; ere the madness of sectional hatreds, animosities possessed us; ere the third generation, the all comprehensive patriotism of Fathers had died out and given place to the passionate emotions of narrow and aggressive sectionalism.—The Eastern States covered the sea with their ships, the land with their farms and manufactures; so did the middle Atlantic States with addition of their mineral wealth of coal and iron; while the Southern States, with their rich, soil climate and congenial soil, raised up those great staples of cotton, tobacco, sugar, rice and corn, which are the life of commerce and manufactures, and the vast regions of the West grew to be the granaries of Europe and America; and still further on was revealed the land of gold and silver, on the remote shore of the Pacific. These were the material elements of our national power—each state with its difference of interests, co-operating with the others to constitute one harmonious whole. And so was the various European races coexisting here, though differing in blood, religion, temper, the Protestant and the Catholic, the Puritan and the Cavalier, yet, by their very differences of character afforded the mental and moral elements of the power of the Union. Glorious, sublime above all that history records of national greatness, was the spectacle which the Union exhibited to the world, so long as the true spirit of the Constitution lived in the hearts of the people, and government was a government of men reciprocally respecting one another's rights, and of states, each moving, plant like, in the orbit of its proper place in the firmament of the Union. Then we were the model republic of the world, honored, loved, or feared where we were not loved, respected abroad, peaceful and happy at home. No American citizen was then subject to be driven into exile for opinions sake, or arbitrarily arrested and incarcerated in military batteries—even as he may now be—not for acts or words of imputed treason but if he do but mourn in silent sorrow over the desolation of his country; no embattled hosts of Americans were then wast-

ing their lives and resources in sanguinary civil strife; no suicidal and patriotic civil war then swept like a raging tempest of death over the stricken homesteads and wailing cities of the Union. Oh, that such a change should have come over our country in a day, as it were—as if all men, East and West, were suddenly smitten with homicidal madness, and "the custom of fell deeds" rendered as familiar as if it were a part of our inborn nature; as if an avenging angel had been suffered by Providence to wave a sword of flaming fire above our heads, to convert so many million of good men, living together in brotherly love; into insensate beings, savagely bent on the destruction of themselves and of each other, and leaving but a smouldering ruin of conflagration and of blood in the place of our once blessed Union. I endeavor sometimes to close my eyes to the sight of woe, and to ask myself whether all this is can be—no! to inquire which is true, whether the past happiness and prosperity of my country are but the flattering vision of a happy sleep, or its present misery and desolation happily the delusion of some disturbed dream. One or the other sees incredible and impossible; but alas! the stern truth cannot thus be dispelled from our minds. Can you forget, ought I especially to be expected to forget, those not remote days in the history of our country, when its greatness and glory shed in reflection at least of their rays upon all our lives, and thus enabled us to read the lessons of the fathers and of their Constitution in the light of their principles and their deed? Then war was conducted only against the foreign enemy, and not in the spirit and purpose of persecuting non-combatant populations nor burning undefended towns or private dwellings, and wasting the fields of the husbandmen, of the workshops of the artisan, and of subduing armed hosts in the field. Then the Congress of the United States was the great council of the whole Union and all its parts. Then the executive administration looked with impartial eye over the whole domain over the Union, anxious to promote the interests and consult the honor and just pride of all the States, seeing no power beyond the law, and devoutly obedient to the demands of the Constitution. How is all this changed! And why? Have we not been told, in this very place, not two weeks ago, by the voice of an authoritative exponent; do we not all know that the cause of our calamities is the vicious intermeddling of too many of the citizens of the Northern States with the constitutional rights of the Southern States co-operating with the discontents of the people states? Do we not know that the disregard of the Constitution and of the security it affords to the rights of states and of individuals, has been the cause of the calamity which our country is called to undergo! And now, war! war, in its direst shape—war such as makes the blood run cold to read of the history of other nations and other times—war, on the scale of a million of men in arms—war, horrid as that of barbaric ages rages in several of the states of the Union, as its more immediate field and casts the lurid shadow of its death and lamentation athwart the whole expanse, and into every nook and corner of our vast domain.

Nor is that all; for in those of the states which are exempt from the actual ravages of war, in which the roar of the cannon, and the rattle of the musketry, and the groans of the dying, are heard but as a faint echo of terror from other lands, even here in the loyal states, the mailed hand of military usurpation strikes down the liberties of the people, and its foot tramples on a desecrated Constitution. Aya, in this land of free thought, free speech and free writing—in this republic of free suffrage, with liberty of thought and expression as the very essence of republican institutions—even here, in these free states it is made criminal for a citizen soldier, like gallant Egerly of New Hampshire to vote according to his conscience, or like that noble martyr of free speech Mr. Vallandigham, to discuss public affairs in Ohio, aye, even here, the temporary agents of the sovereign people, the transitory administrators of the government tell us that in time of war the mere arbitrary will of the President takes the place of the Constitution, and the President himself announces to us that it is reasonable to speak or to write otherwise than as he may prescribe; nay, that it is reasonable even to be silent, though we be struck dumb by the shock of the calamities with which evil counsels, incompetency and corruption have overwhelmed our country! I will not say this without referring to the authority upon which I rely. In his letter of June 12, 1863, addressed to Erastus Corning and other citizens of the State of New York, the President makes use of the following extraordinary language: "Indeed, arrests by process of courts and arrests in cases of rebellion, do not proceed altogether upon the same basis, the former is directed at the small percentage of ordinary and continuous perpetration of crime, while the latter is directed at sudden and extensive uprising against the government, which, at most, will succeed or fail in no great length of time. In the latter case arrests are made, not so much for what has been done, as for what probably would be done. The latter is more for the preventive and less for the vindictive than the former. In such cases the purposes of men are much more easily understood than in cases of ordinary crime. The man who stands by and says nothing when the peril of his government is discuss-

ed, cannot be misunderstood. If not hindered, he is sure to help the enemy; much more, if he talks ambiguously—talks for his country with "buts" and "ifs" and "ands." It is seen by this letter, at least, that there is no longer doubt as to where the responsibility for those unconstitutional acts of the last two years, perpetrated by subordinate officers of the federal government, both civil and military, properly attaches; but who I ask, has clothed the President with power to dictate to any one of us when we must or we may speak or be silent upon any subject, and especially in relation to the conduct of any public servant? By what right does he presume to prescribe a formula of language for your lips or mine? It seems incredible even with this authenticated paper before us, it is amazing, that any such sentiment should have found utterance from the elected representative of a free government like that of the United States. My friends, let those obey such honest who will; you and I have been nurtured here among the granite hills and under the clear skies of New Hampshire into no such servile temperance. True it is, that any of us, by my self, may be the next victim of unconstitutional, arbitrary, irresponsible power.

But we, nevertheless, are freemen, and we resolve to live, or if it must be to die such. Falter who may, we will never cease to hold up on high the Constitution of the Union, though torn to shreds by the sacrilegious hands of its enemies. How strikingly significant, how suggestive to us on this occasion, is the contemplation of that august spectacle of the recent convention at Indianapolis, of seventy-five thousand citizens calmly and bravely participating in the discussion of the great principles underlying their sacred rights as freemen—neither awe'd by cannon frowning upon their liberties nor provoked by threats into retaliatory violence. I would say to you fellow-citizens, emulate that exhibition of wisdom and patriotism. Be patient, but resolute. Yield nothing of your rights, but bear and forbear. Let your action show to the world that with courage to confront despotism you have also the discretion to avoid inconsideration action in resisting its advances. George Washington and Samuel Adams, Matthew Thornton and Charles Carroll George Read and Roger Sherman, Philip Livingston and William Hooper, Benjamin Franklin and Edward Rutledge, George Walton and Richard Stockton, with their associates of all the thirteen then independent sovereign states, stood eighty-seven years ago to-day, in that simple but most memorable room, where the Declaration was signed, like the people of the states whom they represented, with the solemn grandeur of high resolves, if apparently weak, yet with their armor on and their hearts stung for the great contest of civil liberty. If we cannot be joyous and exultant on this anniversary of that day, it may do us good to remember that joy and exultation were far from the hearts of the brave men who sanctioned the Declaration of Independence, and then fought seven years to maintain it. No! they were not joyous, but determined. They felt the inspiration of a great object; and they sought its accomplishment with a stern, devoted, self-sacrificing spirit. They were animated by that determination which in a righteous cause of self-justification is invincible. They knew the condition of the provinces in point of men and munitions, and they had a clear perception of the colossal power which they were to confront. But neither one nor the other consideration, nor both combined, shook either their faith or their courage. They compensated for the want of numbers, arms, and all which under ordinary circumstances goes to constitute the sinews of war, by the glow of their patriotism and the strength of their purpose. To be sure they fought for their rights, but their endurance and energy were quickened by an invincible power; they fought for their homes, their hearthstones, their wives and children behind them.

I trust it may be profitable on this occasion, as the call of your meeting suggests, to revive the memories of that heroic epoch of the republic, even though they come laden with regrets, and hold up that period of our history in contrast with the present. Though they came to remind us of what were our relations during the Revolution, and in later years, prior to 1861, to that commonwealth which we were accustomed to refer to by the name of "the Mother of Statesmen and States;" and of what those relations now are. Can it be that we are never to think again of the land where the dust of Washington and Patrick Henry, of Jefferson and Madison repose, with emotions of gratitude, admiration and filial regard? Is late for all that Virginia has taught, all that Virginia now is, to take the place of sentiments which we have cherished all our lives?—Other men may be asked to do this, but it is vain to appeal to me. So far as my heart is concerned it is not a subject of volition. While there may be those whose breasts such sentiments as these awaken no responsive feeling; I feel assured as I look over this vast assemblage, that the grateful emotions which have signalized this anniversary in all our past history, are not less yours than they are mine today. Let us be thankful, at least, that we have ever enjoyed them; that nothing can take from us the pride and exultation we have felt as we saw the old flag unfold over us, and realized its glorious secretion of stars from the original thirteen to thirty-four; that we say much when we say, in the language of New Hampshire's greatest

son, "If we can with assurance say no more, 'The past at least is secure.'" But if we cannot be joyous, my friends, as we have been on this anniversary, let us show that it is our privilege, with the blessing of God, to be considerate, brave, and wise. If there be anything of the great inheritance under existing circumstances, to save, may we not in an humble, earnest way contribute to that salvation? If we cannot do all for which our hearts yearn, may we not at least approach its consummation in that spirit of devoted loyalty to the Constitution and the Union which we feel? Let the disregard of others for which we were in all things but a sense of honor and right by the sufferings of seven years' war, now stand before us. Let the people realize what this constant ringing in their ears of the charge that "the Constitution is a covenant with Death and a League with Hell" has brought about.—And then let them see and feel what we had in eighty years of unexampled prosperity and happiness under that Constitution. Let them look back upon those eighty years of civil liberty. Of the reign of constitutional law; eighty years of security to our homes, of living in our castles, humble though they may have been, with no power to invade them by night or by day, except under the well defined and exhibited authority of law,—a written, published law, enacted by themselves for the punishment of crime and for their own protection.—Eighty years of the great experiment which astonished the world. If the people will do this, I cannot, I will not believe, that we are so smitten by judicial blindness that the great mass of our population, North and South, will not some day resolve that we come together again under the old Constitution with the old flag. I will not believe that this experiment of man's capacity for self-government, which was so successfully illustrated until all the Revolutionary men had passed to their final reward, is to prove a humiliating failure. Whatever others may do, we will never abandon the hope that the Union is to be restored. Whatever others may do, we will cling to it "as the mariner clings to the last plank when night and the tempest close around him." No matter what may have been done, North or South, to produce it, this terrible ordeal of blood which has been visited upon us, ought to be sufficient to bring us all back to consciousness of responsibility and duties. The emotions of all good men are those of sorrow and shame and sadness, now, over the condition of their country, when they retire at night, and when they open their eyes upon the dawn of a new day, struggle against them though they may. Why should they attempt to disguise it? Solitude which brings upon apprehension of personal danger or personal loss, and that alone, is contemptible.

Trifling men may indulge in trifling words and thoughts, while the foundations laid by the fathers are crumbling beneath their feet; but the artificers who laid those foundations found no time for trifling while engaged in their grand serious work; nor can you. They could lift up their souls in prayer; but they had no heard for levity and mirth. My friends, you have had, most of you have had, great sorrow, overwhelming personal sorrows; it may be; but none like these which come welling up, day by day, from the great fountain of national disaster, red with the best and bravest blood of the country, North and South—red with the blood of those in both sections of the Union whose fathers fought the common battle of independence. Nor have these sorrows brought with them any compensation, whether of national pride or of victorious arms. For it is not vain to appeal to you to raise a shout of joy because the men from the land of Washington, Marion, and Sumpter are baring their breasts to the steel of the men from the land of Warren, Stark, and Stockton; or because, if this war is to continue to be waged, one or the other must go to the wall—must be consigned to humiliating subjugation? This fearful, fruitless, fatal civil war has exhibited our amazing resources and vast military power. It has shown that united, even in carrying out, in its widest interpretation, the Monroe doctrine, on this continent, we could, with such protection as the broad ocean which flows between ourselves and European powers affords, have stood against the world in arms. I speak of the war as fruitless; for it is clear that, prosecuted upon the basis of the proclamations of September 22d and September 24th, 1862, prosecuted as I must understand those proclamations, to say nothing of the kindred blood which has flowed, upon the theory of emancipation, devastation, subjugation, it cannot fail to be fruitless in everything except the harvest of woe which it is ripening for what was once the peerless republic. Now, fellow-citizens after having said thus much, it is right that you should ask me, what would you do in this fearful extremity? I reply, from the beginning of this struggle to the present moment, my hope has been in moral power. There it reposes still. When, in the spring of 1861, I had occasion to address my fellow-citizens of this city, from the balcony of the hotel before us, I then said I had not believed; and did not then believe aggression by arms was either a suitable or possible remedy for existing evils. All that has occurred since then, has but strengthened and confirmed my convictions in this regard. I repeat, then, my judgment impels me to rely upon moral force and not upon any of the coercive

instrumentalities of military power. We have seen in the experience of the last two years, how futile are all our efforts to maintain the Union by force of arms; but even had war been carried on by us successfully, the ruinous result would exhibit its utter impracticability for the attainment of the desired end. Through peaceful agencies alone, can we hope to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity," the great object for which alone, the Constitution was formed. If you turn round and ask me, what if these agencies fail; what if the passionate anger of both sections forbids; what if the ballot box is sealed? Then, all efforts, whether of war or peace, having failed, my reply is, you will take care of yourselves; with or without arms, with or without leaders, we will, at least, in the efforts to defend our rights as a free people, build up a great mausoleum of wreaths to which men who yearn for liberty will in after years, with bowed heads and reverently, resort, as Christian pilgrims to the sacred shrines of the Holy Land.

"THE men who instigated the fearful riots in New York are answerable for the wanton and useless loss of life, not only of innocent, but of guilty men. The military have in every encounter defeated the mob, and our telegraphic dispatches state that the rioters fall in heaps before the full discharges of musketry. These misguided men have been betrayed into the hands of a power which they cannot resist, and which their secret leaders knew would be exerted. These riots are the embodiment of double crime—the brutality of the infuriated many, and the satanic cruelty of the heartless few."

The above precious *maxims* is from the Philadelphia "Organ" of the Administration in this city. It is the severest blow the Abolitionists have yet received. Every sensible man knows that the spirit of mob law inaugurated by the Jacobins, and that they are morally and legally guilty of every drop of blood that was shed in the recent fearful riots in New York. They have repeatedly counseled resistance to known and recognized laws; and they have trampled upon every right claimed by the citizen, which came in conflict with their own treacherous and disgraceful doctrines. The editor of the *Press* himself said, that "secret usurpations against such wrongs" as "a conscription bill," which "tears the husbandman from his plow, the father from his family, the son from his widowed mother, would be justifiable and right, for we are taught that 'resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!'" It is such teachings as these that have produced their legitimate fruit in New York and elsewhere; and public will place a mark of scorn upon "the heartless few" who furnished arguments for the mob, and urged "the infuriated many" to array themselves against the laws of their country.—*The Age.*

AN HONEST OPINION.—Said a prominent Republican the other day: "I am disgusted with hearing of Mr. Lincoln's honesty. The frauds which are being exposed every day are awful, and Lincoln is either aware of them or he is not. If he is, he is not honest, or he would reform them; if he is not, he is as blind as a bat. I tell you the Administration is as *as h—!*" Remember, that these words are not our own, but the language of a shining light in the Republican party.
Greenbury Democrat.

An Incident in a Railway Car.—Monster: "I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'm." A noble young lady: "Oh, never mind sir, it's of no consequence; you can't hurt it." Monster: "No, ma'am, it's not that; but the confounded thing hurts me."

A Maine editor, having been elected fence viewer and field-driver, announces that although he is somewhat afraid of horned cattle he is great on the fence.—Any of his constituents who wish any viewing done, are invited to bring their fences to his office.

Whiskey is now tested by the distance a man can walk after tasting it.—The new liquid called "Tangle-leg" is said to be made of diluted alcohol, nitric acid, pepper and tobacco, and will upset a man at the distance of 400 yards from the demijohn.

A prominent speaker at a Republican gathering in Ohio, said that he expected to spend an eternity in company with Republicans.—To which a ripe old Democrat replied that he "rather thought he would, unless he repented of his sins!"

If a girl thinks more of her heels than of her head depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get much above them. This will apply as well to the masculine as the feminine gender.

Stirring them up.—A Michigan paper publishes the following: "Fellow-citizens! If you are asleep—awake! If you are awake—move! If you are moving—walk! If you are walking—run! If you are running—fly to the rescue!"

Attacking his Rear.—"Old age is coming on me rapidly,"—as the archbishop said when he was stealing apples from the old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, cowhide in hand.